



# Her



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## Chapter 1 by Beth Pearce

I stared at her eyes and got so lost in the gaps between her eyelashes, twisting and winding my way over her smooth eyelids. I inhaled and could smell her clothes her perfume. her. her. her.

She sat with her legs up at meal times, she grunted when she laughed from her belly. I watch her move and I can't think straight. the scar on her knee from when she fell off a climbing frame when she was eight years old. The tiny freckle she thinks is a birth mark right beneath the depth and curve of her collarbone. her unpainted toe nails that connect to her long feet that are then followed by her milk bottle legs, everything that is connected to her is perfect. Whether its her limbs or her life itself. her. her. her.

Everything was perfect but me. I slammed my fist into the white wash wall. I only took the brakes out of her fiance's car because she can't see that he's trying to come inbetween us. I only tried to climb through her bedroom window that time to kiss her lips and say goodnight. I can't stop, it's like an addiction, I can't stop thinking about her. I'm addicted. These white wash walls are so lonely and sad but when she skips through my brain I can smell the shampoo she uses to wash her hair.

I looked down at my drawing of her, and pulled myself away before I lost myself inside of her again. I opened my eyes wider and the name was etched into the walls. I had several drawings of her, and she was the only one that tumbled down her face.

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The heavy door ripped open and

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Forsythe enters, the air bending at her presence. I breath heavily. Why bother looking at drawings when the real thing is so close? Even her name is magical. Forsythe. Composed of the elements fear ('man'), added to sith ('peace'). Or, according to some translators, meaning "fairy pasture". Scottish in origin. Most commonly used as a last name, but cleverly brought to the forefront of her's. Forsythe. Forsythe.

She leans on the floor, her long hair teasing me along my collarbone. Her hand reaches for mine, and it takes all of my willpower to not leap out at her, to take her all in at once. Damn the privacy. I need her now.

"I keep trying to tell them," she whispers, her voice tattered by potential tears, "but they just won't listen. They just won't listen, Winston."

"Don't you dare say my name!" I screech. She doesn't so much as flinch. I hate hearing the simplicity of my name in juxtaposition with her's. It isn't right. It's a clash, something preventing our union. "I'm sorry, baby, I'm so sorry. I've just been in here for so long, and..."

She leans over and kisses me. I notice the guards eying me suspiciously, and I wink. They don't believe me about me and Forsythe's relationship. Well, here is the proof. I have my cake and eat it too as her kiss reaches deeper, practically touching my soul with a Midas touch.

One of them whispers something into a walkie talkie. I know that we do not have much time.

"Go, go," I urge her sadly. She stands up, but not before pocketing one of my artworks.

"We'll meet again," she says, "Don't you worry."

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